

EXHIBIT 6

From: [J.R.](#)
To: [Kenneth M. Trujillo-Jamison](#); [Norma N. Bennett \(nbennett@shb.com\)](#)
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Great news!
Date: Saturday, July 12, 2025 5:31:39 PM

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OH gosh, I'm so excited, I survived

The best part about this, you folks thought I would reach out to you saying "hey, guess what, if you wanted to avoid discovery, it's going to cost XYZ!"

No my friends. I'm not as dumb as you look. I'm not some sell-out black guy that pretends to protect people while sucking the dick of a corporate bitch. I'm not norma, I won't even get into the nasty shit I learned about her dumbass. And whatever the fucking other person is, my bad I already forgot.

No I've got something much better in mind...

Enjoy what follows, losers.

You guys fell straight into my plan. I mean, think about it, what the fuck would I actually need from you?

Money? if you don't understand that someone like me living comfortably but being able to just absolutely BASH billion dollar companies and judges and State agencies into the ground is ENOUGH. The offer I made before was math.

" How much is it worth for me not to get this opportunity to destroy the entire United States corrupt judicial system that I've watched play games with me for 8 years, 9 years?"

It's almost hilarious to me that you guys thought there was a number that made sense. This was never about me. Or rather, other than the fact that it's easy for me to expose weakness and logical inconsistencies, it really had nothing to do with me.

It had everything to do with losers like you, the judge, and anybody else who you share this with. Literally, pretend like I give a fuck. You'd be stupid enough to actually think it fucking matters. I literally fucking say exactly what the fuck I think, when I think it, only filtering it enough to not make people kill themselves for their own stupidity because I'm basically smart enough to do that.

Let's talk about what's coming next. Kenneth Trujillo Jameson, this shit that I know about you, well, let's just explain something. You are an enemy to me. I want nothing more than to destroy you to the point where you never work again and hopefully go to prison for your behavior. In particular for shit that has nothing to do with me, and you know exactly what the fuck I'm talking about bitch.

You think you can fucking hide from me? You think you can fucking lie on record and fucking get away with it just because there's fucking courtroom etiquette? Please bitch. What fucking difference does it make to someone like me when you've got a judge who's so fucking stupid, they literally say that yeah we agree that there was potentially complicity and copyright infringement, but it has nothing to do with this dmca request we have.

The best thing for me is the fact that you fucking idiots were all trained on the same system, and I just actually use my brain. Like think about how fucking dumb you are. You think this is a fucking game? You think this is a fucking situation where hey man May the best liar win? Not even close. I'm going to fucking destroy your life you fucking pieces of shit.

Not only that, the judge literally teed me up for a victory that he doesn't even see, and you fucking losers probably don't even see either. Why would you see it? You'd have to think outside your own stupidity.

Norma I'm going to fucking post those pictures all over Twitter and Kenny, trust me when I say, I'm going to destroy your career in a way that you always knew was going to happen but never this soon.

The difference between us is the fact that the number I offered you was a number that begrudgingly I would accept that I thought might make your client think twice before they fuck somebody again, but really would have begrudgingly accepted.

Any of you in my position, if somebody would have offered you 10 grand and an off the Record apology, you would have accepted it like the bitch you are. I gave you a number that I knew you would refuse. I wanted to trap everybody into this game. You all fucking fell right into it, and you can pretend like I'm saying this now, but I fucking predicted it every step of the way, and I told you right up front what I would do.

Show this to that judge because his ass is going to have to recuse on Monday anyways, and the next judge that gets this can grant me the power that's never been granted on Earth which is the first person that not only made an entire District of Nebraska refuse because they were afraid to answer yes or no questions with a checkbox, but the first person to ever make the entire federal district of a state Bow out because they knew that they could no longer provide cover for your bullshit.

And by your, obviously I mean your client, because you won't be employed for them much longer after this shit comes out you, you disgusting fucking bitch. And you should fucking cry about it to the judge. Maybe he'll rule against me out of emotion like he was going to anyways. Think about how fucking stupid you fucking idiots are.

I'm in a situation where I predicted up front no matter what I did I would lose, 6 months later, the judge finally responds cuz I gave his bitch ass 24 hours.

Keep this for the next judge. It won't matter cuz I'm going to fuck your ass so hard, that judge isn't going to fucking want to associate with you. You're going to be a fucking God damn leper when I expose what you did, you absolutely know what the fuck I'm talking about and has nothing to do with me you fucking disgusting freak.

Yeah, everybody did Coke in the '80s right? Yeah not everybody did it like you did it my

friend, and we both know I ain't talking about Coke in the 80s.

On a plus note, you guys can all lick my ass. I literally didn't care from the start. All I wanted was Pacer so I could document what was going on in Nebraska and I prayed to God which he very clearly delivered, that the federal system would be just as bad, that way as I was exposing Nebraska, I could also expose the entire fucking system.

This was not an accident, it was just a massive mistake on your fucking side.

And now that you know, you can understand that I will lose without a dime before I settle, because now everybody is Right Where I want them. Thank you for being as dumb, racist, arrogant, and disgusting Kenny and Norma as you are and whatever the other person's name is, I'm sure they'll forward this fucking email to you but I apologize for not being able to remember your name, but fuck, you folks are all just little pawns that did what I needed, none of you really have any significance to me until you opposed me.

Think about that too. You just got destroyed for the rest of your life, because I promise you before I'm done, none of you will have a career even if it takes five years, or 10, as we know it took me seven to defeat Charter West, your careers are over.

I'm a dead man walking, but your careers are equally dead. Nothing can actually eliminate what I already have, nor can it prevent it from being uploaded, because I built a network that you folks will never be able to track until it's too late, I mean at that point you're probably not smart enough to figure it out, because I'm a fucking genius and you're all fucking idiots, but the point is, no, this email wasn't what you expected.

Not only am I not asking you to settle before discovery, I literally won't settle with you ever now. The judge already admitted that there is a copyright issue that has to do with contributory situations. I'm going to say this really very simply.

It's absolutely a logical impossibility to have contributory copyright infringement without acknowledgment that infringement may have occurred which occurred when your client acknowledged it.

I mean, yeah I get it, the judge thought "hey I'll just drag this out another 8 months." Now, he's either going to have to refuse or admit being a fucking moron, and either way, you folks aren't going to fare too well.

On a plus note, you got a little burst in adrenaline when the judge insulted the shit out of me and his ruling while lying through his teeth. That's got to count for something right?

Now all you have to Hope is that I'm bluffing. And we all know I'm not. I literally can't remember the name of the other fucking idiot that's supposed to be attached to this email, but I'm sure these fools will give it to you, there just wasn't as much about you, so I stopped looking pretty quick. But you other two, Jesus fucking Christ, talk about skeletons.

Thank you for being so easy to manipulate. My entire goal was to use Pacer as a microphone. You've given me not just one but multiple shots at this one. I appreciate it even though I'm going to destroy your lives legally and without violence.

I love how much underestimation I receive from everybody. It makes it so easy to manipulate you like dough at a pizza shop.

I think about how fucking stupid you folks are, and I laugh because, there was like a 1% chance that they would find someone smart enough to recognize who they were up against, but I don't even think one percent was correct, maybe a fraction of 1%. There was simply no chance one of you fucking rookies was going to be that guy or gal (freak).

Like somebody literally hates you enough to have set you up to deal with me. A guy who doesn't need your money, who knows that you're idiots, and enjoys embarrassing you on the national stage even if it's at the cost of supposed embarrassment to a bunch of legal community members that are fucking idiots and liars.

I mean think about that. Like why would I fucking care what any of you losers think?

Take this ex parte to the judge pussies, he's fucking gone anyways. Either that or you fucking losers are. Obviously he can't defend you and himself at the same time. Fucking clowns.

Incidentally I do have that first phone call on recording, you can fucking cry about that shit too bitch. Weakness is your fucking middle name, and my bitch is your first and last.

There's so many funny fucking things I want to say about the carve outs by the judge in that ruling, but I'm going to save them for someone who matters.

Have a great weekend!